MEADE HISTORY

This little family history is not intended as a genealogy -- it is far too incomplete for that. I only wrote it for the benefit of the young people of the family, hoping so to link the past with the present, that they would be interested in the lives of their ancestors, and also pass on the information to their children if the day should come when they might wish for it. Also, I have realized that no one would ever do this but myself, for after a while there will be no one left who remembers. I have been glad to do it for my neices and nephews, thinking of the affection they have always shown me, and not forgetting that the same affection has been given me by those whom they have married.

I cherish the hope that some of them may, in the near future, visit the two ancestral homes, "Annefield", on their grandmother's side, near Winchester, Virginia, and "Fruit Hill" on their grandfather's side, near Shepherdstown, West Virginia. They are thirty eight miles apart and easily reached by motor. Another place of interest is the graveyard at the Old Chapel, near "Annefield", where many of our forefathers are buried. I hope that some of the younger generation will stand on that spot, as I did last summer, and think of these words:

"They rest beyond complaints;
Beyond all sighs and tears.
Praise be to God for all his saints
Who wrought in bygone years."

A.R.J.

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From the book "Andrew Meade of Ireland and Virginia", by P. Hamilton Baskerville.

"Andrew Meade of the estate of Ballintober, Ireland, grandson of Sir John Meade who was knighted in 1623, came to America about 1685, and was the ancestor of the Virginia Meades. He acquired 4000 acres of ground in Nansemond County, Virginia, and built a handsome mansion upon the estate. His son, David Meade, inherited the estate, and in 1730 married Susannah Everard, daughter of Sir Richard Everard of Bromfield Hall, Essex County, England, and

Susannah Kidder, his wife. She was the eldest daughter of Dr Richard Kidder, Bishop of Bath and Wells, England. Sir Richard Everard, having been appointed by the Lords Propietors, Governor of North Carolina, set sail for America on the 17th of June, 1725, and was sworn in by the Council at Edenton, as Governor Captain General, Admiral, and Commander In Chief of the County. (See Colonial Records of North Carolina) Before sailing back to England some years after, he and his wife and two daughters became the guests of the Meades, and there his daughter Susannah and David Meade formed an attachment. David had little hope of the parents' consent, he being only nineteen years of age, and was preparing to accompany them back to England, when his father, distressed at the thought of separation from his only son, prevailed upon Susannah's parents to consent to an immediate marriage. They left the young couple in America with entire confidence, and no pair ever enjoyed more happiness in the married state. Both had been brought up by fond and virtuous parents. David Meade was of handsome person, fine stature, and the purity of his heart corresponded with the symmetry of his person. He was an affectionate husband, the tenderest of parents, the best of masters and a sincere friend. He inherited the larger part of his father's estate, and succeeded to many of his honors in the country becoming a vestryman of his church, a Colonel of militia, and holding other offices."

His second son was Richard Kidder Meade, and he became one of George Washington's favorite aides. Richard is described in a book called "Washington And His Aides DE Camp", by Emily Stone Whiteley, as follows:

"The Official Family had become very small in the winter of 1777, but several new men were added to it in the spring, one of whom was Richard Kidder Meade. Meade sold an estate on the James River, and joined the First Virginia Regulars at the opening hostilities. Being always well mounted, he became as a member of the Family especially useful in reconnoitring, and in carrying orders on the field of battle, and the dashing Aide, on his handsome black horse, became a well known figure to the whole Army. In discussing on one occasion, their future careers with his Aides, Washington, ever a planter at heart, picked out for Colonel Meade what seemed to the General an ideal life. 'Friend Dick', said the war weary soldier, 'You must go to a plantation in Virginia - you will make a good farmer and an honest foreman on the Grand Jury of the county where you live.' The advice chimed in with Meade's plans. His small fortune had neen invested for him by a friend, in one thousand acres of land in an unsettled region of the Valley of Virginia what is now Clarke County. The property was so beautiful, and so advantageously placed, that the Colonel named it'Lucky Hit' and built a house upon it."

Colonel Meade married first, Jane Randolph of Curles, and after her death, Mary Grymes, widow of William Randolph of Chatsworth, Virginia. Of their eight children two only will be mentioned in this chronicle -- William, fifth child, who became Bishop of Virginia, and whose saintly life, perfect example, and intellectual gifts made him remered and beloved throughout the entire state of Virginia, and beyond it. His book, "Old Churches and Families Of Virginia" is considered almost priceless now, and is used as a reference book, where ever there are chronicles of Virginia made.

The other child, and the eldest, was Anne Randolph Meade, my great grandmother. She was born December 3rd, 1781 at Chatham, Fredericksburg, Virginia. The house is still standing, and judging from the picture, is in perfect order -- a beautiful mansion, surrounded by a lovely garden, and with a view of the river at the back. It is described in "Old Colonial Homes of America" as follows:-

"Just across the river from Fredericksburg, Virginia, reached by a bridge now, instead of the old ferry, stands Chatham, a white brick colonial house, no longer in the ownership of the family, but carefully restored and tended. This place is never shown to strangers. It was built by William Fitzhugh, and chroniclers differ as to whether it was the first, second or third William Fitzhugh. The first came to Virginia in 1670, was a renowned lawyer and published a book in England on Virginia law. In any case it was the third William who gave the place its name after his griend, the Earl of Chatham, and made it famous by its lavish hospitality. This William married Ann Randolph, and their daughter married George Washington Parke Custis, Washington's step grandson and adopted son."

Chatham,
Birthplace of Anne Randolph Meade.
Front View.

Chatham.
Back, or River View.

Anne Randolph Meade was married in her eighteenth year to Matthew Page of "Annefield", Clarke County, Virginia, a gentleman of high standing and owner of one of the largest estates in that part of Virginia. He was a descendant of Governor Page of Rosewell, "the soldier, patriot, and statesman of the Revolution, who was distinguished by his zeal in behalf of the Church." Rosewell was the name of the first house built by the Pages in Virginia, and was at that time the largest in the state.

Going still further back, another ancestor was Sir John Page. Bishop Meade in his "Old Churches and Families in Virginia" writes "In 1678, it was proposed to erect at Williamsburg a new church. Sir John Page, first of the family, headed the list of subscriptions with twenty pounds and gave the ground for the church and graveyard." The tombstone of his brother, Francis Page, buried in Saint Mary's Church yard, Bedfont Middlesex County, England, bears this inscription:-

"A virtuous life, and a good old age
Perfumed the memory of Francis Page.
1678."

and the Page coat of Arms is wrought in high relief upon the stone.

The heirlooms in our family are mostly Meade ones, but I have one in my possession which has come down from my great grandfather, Matthew Page, who married Anne Meade. It is a little book called "A Deed of Gift", written in 1687. The manuscript was published in 1856. In the preface written by Bishop Meade of Virginia are these words, "There is something peculiarly interesting in the whole history of the following volume. It is the work of a pious layman, Sir John Page, the first of that name who came to Virginia, and the ancestor of numbers of that and other names in Virginia. He was for a long time one of the King's Council, as were many of his descendants. He died in 1691 aged 60 years. Having acquired a considerable share of earthly goods for his wife and children, and by will alloted the same, he then, with more pains, set himself to prepare something for their eternal welfare. The result was the following book." ("A Deed Of Gift.")

"Annefield", the home of Matthew Page, named for his bride, Anne Meade, is a beautiful example of an old Colonial home, and has always been kept up, though it passed out of the possession of the family, many many years ago. I visited it last summer, and had the great joy of going through the rooms, seeing the beautiful colonnade leading to the outdoor kitchen, and above all, walking through the lovely lovely gardens at the back. The whole place in its order and spaciousness looks very much, I think, as it did when Anne came there as a bride -- barely eighteen, and the mistress of more than twohundred slaves!

From the first, the welfare of their souls and bodies seemed to her a sacred charge. How she taught them, prayed with them, cared for them in every way! The large hall at Annefield was filled every morning with black faces and woolly heads while their young mistress conducted prayers, and sought to turn their hearts toward God. In her diary she wrote, speaking of the duty one owed

to helpless slaves, "What charges did I receive on this subject from my mother! She would say, 'Your guests see your well spread table, but God sees in the negro's cabin.'"

After years of prayer and thought, upon the subject of the wrongs of slavery, Anne Page decided to free her slaves, and send them back to Africa. They took the name of Page, negroes at that time having no surnames. Those who were kept at home to work on the estate were freed and wages paid them. This was many years before the Civil War. Her son in law, Rev. Dr. Andrews (my mother's father) in his "Memoir of Mrs. Ann Page", writes as follows:-

"She sent them to Africa at three different times -- the first company in the year 1832 with every necessary supply for twelve months, and a sufficiency of many articles for two or three years. The mechanics and others ~~arrived~~ were furnished with the implements for their different occupations. They all arrived safely in Liberia and continued in good health. This was probably owing to the abundant provision made for their wants, during the period of acclimation. When the next company left, Mrs. Page engaged a friend to accompany them to the port from which they were to sail, distant three hundred miles. He attended to the

"Annefield".

My mother was born there, my grandmother was born there, and my great grandmother, Anne Randolph Meade, came there as a bride in 1799. Her husband, Matthew Page, named the place for her.

laying in of their stores, and superintended their embarkation, when, after divine service on board the ship -- the anchor weighed -- the last link which bound them

to the land of their captivity sundered -- and the white sail unfurled they set forth with many tokens of gratification and thankfulness, towards their father-land. As the ship gradually receded from view in a serene and beautiful summer's afternoon, many events of solemn interest were recalled. Two hundred and fourteen years had elapsed since the first slave set his foot upon the soil of Virginia. The mystery of that providence under which they came, is not yet finished. But upon that dark and heavy cloud which hitherto has hung over it, lighter shades are begining to appear."

Colonnade at Annefield,

leading from the house to the outdoor kitchen.

George Washington, after visiting the Pages at Annefield for a few days asked permission to leave his carriage there, he having ordered a new one from Baltimore. It stood in the carriage house for many years, and my mother played in it as a child. Then Mrs. Page gave it to her brother, Bishop Meade who divided it up and sold the wheels, cushions itc. for the benefit of the church.

Mrs. Page had two daughters, Sarah and Mary Frances. Mary Frances married Matthew Byrd and had one daughter, Courtney Byrd. Courtney Byrd was quite young when her mother died and she was brought up by Dr. and Mrs. Andrews as their own daughter, and was always affectionately called "Sister Courtney" by my mother.

Courtney Byrd married Rev. Joseph Ravenscroft Jones, brother of the late Captain Lorraine Jones of Kirdwood, Missouri. Their children were Charles Andrews Jones, Robert Jones, Joseph Jones, George Jones and Courtney Byrd Jones. Robert and Joseph have passed away, and the other three sons still live in Clarke County, Virginia.

Garden at Annefield.

Sally Page Andrews and Angelica R. Jenkins, "double first" cousins, great grand daughters of the original owners of the house.

Sarah Page, my grandmother, was married at Annefield to Rev. Charles W. Andrews, afterwards Rector of Trinity Church, Shepherdstown West Virginia, for thirty three years. Following is an invitation to her wedding, written by her mother, and now in the possession of my sister, Anne R. Edgar.

February, 1832.

"My beloved friend,

On Thursday of next week, my dear child is to be united to the man of her choice. It will add greatly to our pleasure on that occasion if you, your beloved Phillipa and Hannah Blackburn will be be present. Come early, or the night preceding would be better I think, and as you live so far away, you must not think of leaving us on the same day. No grand wedding is to go on. A few of her nearest relatives and friends will take dinner with us on the day. Present me with affection to your sister, and all who are absent, when you write.

With true love,

fondly yours,

Anne R. Page.

Sally requests her young friends to be her bridesmaids."

Dr. Andrews was a man whose Christian character can be summed up in these words:-

"Learned, judicious, saintly;
Living for Christ, and the church;
Loving all, beloved by all;
Faithful in every trust, even unto death."

His memoir was written two years after his death, by the Rev. Cornelius Walker. In it, there occours a quotation from the Church Journal of the time, "A prince and a great man has fallen in Israel."

This chronicle would be much too long, were I even to write down in part, all that he was to his family, his friends and his Church. The love that his children had for him, was so intense that their lives never seemed quite the same again after he was taken from them. One of his last letters to my mother ends thus:-

"The Lord bless my dear child, sanctify to her all earthly trials, convert all her children to Christ, that all may be one in Him. So prays a father who is grateful at every remembrance of such a daughter."

Dr. and Mrs. Andrews (Sarah Page) had three children, Page Andrews, Lila Andrews and Anne Randolph Page Andrews, my mother.

Page Andrews, the only son, married Anna Robinson (my father's sister) and had four children, Sally Page Andrews, Charles Andrews, George Andrews and Matthew Page Andrews. Charles and George have passed away. Matthew Page Andrews, a well known historian and writer, lives with his sister Sally Page, and they spend their winters in Baltimore and their summers at "Fruit Hill", near Shepherdstown, West Virginia, the lovely old Robinson home which I have described in my chronicle of g the Robinson family.

Lila Andrews married Re. Magruder Maury, and had three children, Charles, Anne, and Lila, who are still living.

Anne Randolph Page Andrews married George Rowen Robinson of Saint Louis, Missouri formerly of Shepherdstown, West Virginia on September 20th, 1855 at her father's church, Trinity, in Shepherdstown. The bride wore white satin and a tulle veil, and people climbed on the pews at the back of the church to look at her, so attached were they to their Rector's pretty daughter.

This marriage was a fitting climax to a romance that was begun even before my father saw her, by his sisters at "Fruit Hill" often writing him in his far distant home in Saint Louis, "Why do you not come,home, and marry our Rector's lovely daughter?" He did come often, but she was always away at boarding school. When he finally saw her, and they became engaged, he wrote to his sister Angelica (Mrs. R. J. Lockwood of Saint Louis, the beloved "Auntie" of the whole connection,) as follows,

"Sister, she is beautiful! Without any partiality, her face is the most heavenly I ever saw, and everyone agrees that in mind and character she is very superior. My fancy never painted her as lovely as she is."

She was seventeen at the time, and was married a month after her eighteenth birthday. The romance lasted until death parted them, thirty eight years later. She died April 5th, 1893, and his death took place October 6th, 1901.

My mother was happy in her Saint Louis home with her husband and children and with many of his relatives and friends around her, all of whom loved her devotedly, but she was not accustomed to city life, She was born at Annefield and lived there the first five years of her life, removing to Shepherdstown when her father became Rector of Trinity Church there. Shepherdstown was a quiet little place. She was overjoyed when my father bought a country home in 1861, and she could live what seemed to her the ideal life.

The first home, about nine miles from Saint Louis, on the Big Bend Road, and a mile and a half from the village of Webster Groves, was a lovely place, and three of the children were born there. But my father had bought thirty three acres of land altogether, and it was the place across the road that was really intended for their home. They planted trees and shrubs there long before they builded the house, which they finally did in 1868 -- a brick house of sixteen rooms, and named "Annefield" by my mother, after the Virginia "Annefield".

A wisteria vine covered the frontporch, and other porches were smothered in roses. I have never seen more beautiful trees and shrubs than the ones surrounding that house. A long cedar hedge bounded the yard at the back, and against their lovely green was a hedge of liliacs. Lilies of the Valley grew in profusion bethween them, and thrushes built their nests there. Space forbids my writing of all the beauties of that place.

The house burned in April, 1888, and my father built another house, on a part of the Lockwood estate. It was the family home for twelve years, was then sold, and in 1913 was torn down by Mr. F. C. Thompson, who had bought the property.

My mother and her children went to visit her old home, the rectory in Shepherdstown, West Virginia, every summer. When she came in sight of the mountains, she always began to cry, realizing how much she had missed them! One year she had been very ill, had to be almost carried on the train, and was told by her doctor, she must eat nothing but cracked wheat, new cereal then, and in fact there were very few others. She took a large box of it that she might eat only that, during her stay. The morning after her arrival at the rectory, a breakfast tray was brought up to her by her old colored nurse. Upon it was broiled chicken, batter bread, beat biscuits, and coffee. My mother ate everything on that tray except the dishes, digested it perfectly, and ate what she wished from that time on. All she needed apparently, was her native air! Her father decided he would try this novelty, "Cracked wheat". He liked it so well, that he ate all she had brought, and after that, sent to Saint Louis for it as long as he lived, breakfasting almost entirely upon it.

The colored cook at the rectory had twin sons at the time Dickens began to write, and she requested my grandfather Andrews to name the babies. He named them David Copperfield and Nicholas Nickleby. When they grew old enough to act as butlers, there was always silence in the rectory as "Nick" and "Dave" washed the dishes after each meal, for they had surpassingly lovely tenor voices, and sang as they worked. No notice was taken of their talent, at it was not considered strictly proper for them to sing in the house, but the family listened just the same!

When my grandmother was ill, and she often was, being a delicate woman, my mother, not much more than a child, would unlock the store room, and give out the provisions for the day. The key basket she used in in my possession now, and has been in active use in the family for one hundred and thirty seven years. Taking advantage of my mother's youth, the cook, "Aunt Milly", always stole large handfuls of rice, sugar, and other things, hiding them in large pockets which she probably had made for the purpose. My mother never reported her, and "Aunt Milly" went on her pilfering way, undisturbed.

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Anne Randolph Page Andrews and George Rowan Robinson had nine children. They were: Jane Stuart Robinson, Anne Randolph Page Robinson, Charles Andrews Robinson, Lila Andrews Robinson, George Rowan Robinson, Junior, Angelica Lockwood Robinson, Page Andrews Robinson, Archie Forester Robinson, and Courtney Byrd Robinson. The account of their marriages and their children's marriages, is given in my Chronicle of the Robinson side of the family, so I shall not repeat it here.

Angelica R. Jenkins